



MOOD: 😊 contemplative

MUSIC: Seu Jorge - Rebel Rebel



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-11-14 18:05:00

I'm feeling kind of bored with the whole food tracking thing.

Do we think I can stop?

Or do I need it to keep me honest?



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Puppets. Puppets. Puppet puppets. Scary.

16 comments



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:12:22 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Will you stay honest? That's your call, man.

I guess if you don't mind using the backup monitoring system*, there's no reason not to stop. But I gotta admit, I'll miss reading you writing about food. Makes me insanely hungry. If you weren't Adventure Boy, you could be a fabulous food journalist.

*Backup Monitoring System: Me noticing how your pants fit. *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:16:05 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Did you just admit to staring at my ass?

Because if not, don't tell me. It made my whole night.

I could write about food anyway.

Like tonight, I made batatas. Baked. With the skins buttered. And brown sugar sprinkled on.

Not that I was practicing for the cute Puerto Rican girl or anything.



[trollcatz](#)

November 15 2007, 01:35:50 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Did you just admit to staring at my ass?

Well, prophylactically.

Oh, god, I did NOT just write that.

Batatas: Oh, weeping with hungry envy. Envious hunger.

Get her mom to pass on all her recipes. *g*



[cvillette](#)

November 15 2007, 01:40:59 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Well, if you were willing to cross the threshhold of my apartment, you could have some.



[trollcatz](#)

November 15 2007, 01:46:18 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

I had no idea I was claustrophobic until I saw your apartment. Or maybe your apartment MADE me claustrophobic.

And that's not fair. I've crossed the threshhold. *makes raspberry stick-out-tongue noise, which she can't spell*



[cvillette](#)

November 15 2007, 15:17:27 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

I believe phhhbt is the approved spelling.

But you should check the OED.



[cvillette](#)

November 15 2007, 01:41:32 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

P.S. Have not met the mom yet? Will turn bright red when I do.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:43:54 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Moms love that! Is a testament to their power.

And do you suppose Puerto Rican moms join Italian and Jewish moms in saying, "Eat! Eat! You're too thin!"?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:45:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I can only hope so.

However, presuming on meeting the parents is, well, presuming, at this point.



 [atheilen](#)

[November 18 2007, 02:14:47 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Because everyone knows the opinions of totally random strangers on the internet are paramount: Please don't stop the foodblog! The foodblog has been really educational for me! (I'm a college student, living in a dorm. Knowing how many calories are in a given thing, and what goes into preparing it, is very helpful.)

Oh well. Thanks for doing it, It has actually helped with my day-to-day life, believe it or not.

(Hi, by the way! I'm Sarah, and I'm taking a Useless Liberal Arts degree in Canada. I would have introduced myself before, but your metabolism intimidated me. Mine is kind of the opposite of yours.)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 18 2007, 12:19:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hi, Sarah. I'm Chaz. Platypus to my friends.

I think I'll keep doing the food blogging. It's the tracking-everything that gets time consuming, and you know, once you've looked it up once, you can kind of keep track in your head, so I was mostly doing it for accountability to my friend,  [trollcatz](#), whose self-appointed job it is to make sure I don't starve.

My metabolism, I'm afraid, intimidates a lot of people. Including but not limited to college professors, roommates, work supervisors, potential girlfriends, and waitstaff.

Tell you what. I'll sell it to you for a dollar?



 [atheilen](#)

[November 18 2007, 18:03:00 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I'd trade with you anytime! Well, day to day it might get a little bit time-consuming, so how about we do a temporary switch over the Christmas holidays? It's not as hard not to eat here, but at home there will be clam linguine and shrimp with angel hair and chorizo sausage and spanakopitas and strawberry loaf and apple-cheese torte and black bean soup and cabbage rolls and turkey and shortbread and cake and

coffee with amaretto and red wine souvlakis and those amazing Greek potatoes and...

Um. Can you tell I'm a little preoccupied with a certain subject right now, just a bit?

Actually, I think my mom has your metabolism. I've known her to devour an entire jumbo bag of tortilla chips, then have dinner. Then dessert. Then popcorn. I was on the phone with her a few weeks ago, and she was jubilant because she had gained five whole pounds. She now weighs--wait for it--

...

...

...

112.

At five-foot seven or eight.

We're not bitter. Really.

L  [atheilen](#)
November 18 2007, 18:06:29 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Red wine and souvlakis, I mean. Because red wine souvlakis would be weird.

L  [cvillette](#)
November 18 2007, 20:17:20 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Can I come to your house?

L  [atheilen](#)
November 18 2007, 20:42:53 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Any time! The women on both sides of the family are cooks. We would not only love you, but would also consider you a personal challenge. Hee. My house is not that awesome all the time, but Mom says she's saving so I can have all the food that I want. Christmas baking is bloody expensive, man. I may ask for flour, sugar, and butter instead of gifts this year.

The Greek stuff will not be made at my house. It's at the Best Greek Restaurant ever, The Achillion/Mykonos Taverna. If you're ever in Prince George, British Columbia, Canada (and I can't see any reason why you would be; it's a literal hole) go. Run, do not walk. You will stink of garlic for days, but go. I've never had better Greek anywhere, ever. Certainly not here in Ottawa.

L  [cvillette](#)
November 18 2007, 21:05:36 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Thank you!

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Puppets. Puppets. Puppet puppets. Scary.